

CHANDAMAMA

OCTOBER 1983

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Turn to Page 11
for the story of
'KRISHNA'

Jeevan and Hanu talk about

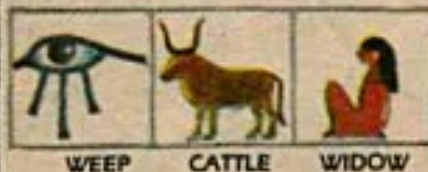
MINDING YOUR LANGUAGE

Thousands of years before mankind developed written language, primitive man expressed simple thoughts with crude drawings and paintings on cave walls. Lascaux in France contains many examples of this art-form.



This represents 'warriors'.

The ancient Egyptians (from about 3000 BC) worked out a system of pictures that stood for objects and ideas. These were called 'hieroglyphics'.



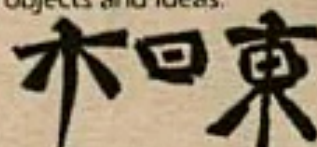
Each of these signs also represented a spoken word. In time, these signs came to stand for only the approximate sound of the original word, not its meaning.



This system is still used in a simple game called the rebus. Pictures are used to spell out words. In the following rebus, the actual message has nothing to do with saws, ropes and so on. They spell out the line: **SOMEONE SAW MANY PEOPLE RACE BY.**



Chinese writing (known as pictograms) also developed in the same way. Elaborate brush-strokes were simplified pictures of objects and ideas.



TREE + SUN = EAST
(sun rising behind tree)



This brush-stroke originally meant 'pot', which was pronounced 'li'. Notice the resemblance. As the language grew, the meaning was discarded, and the sign stood for the sound 'li'. Today most languages have an alphabet, in which each sign indicates a particular spoken sound. The earliest Indian alphabet was called Brahmi. But pictures continue to be used! Take a close look at traffic signs, and you'll see.

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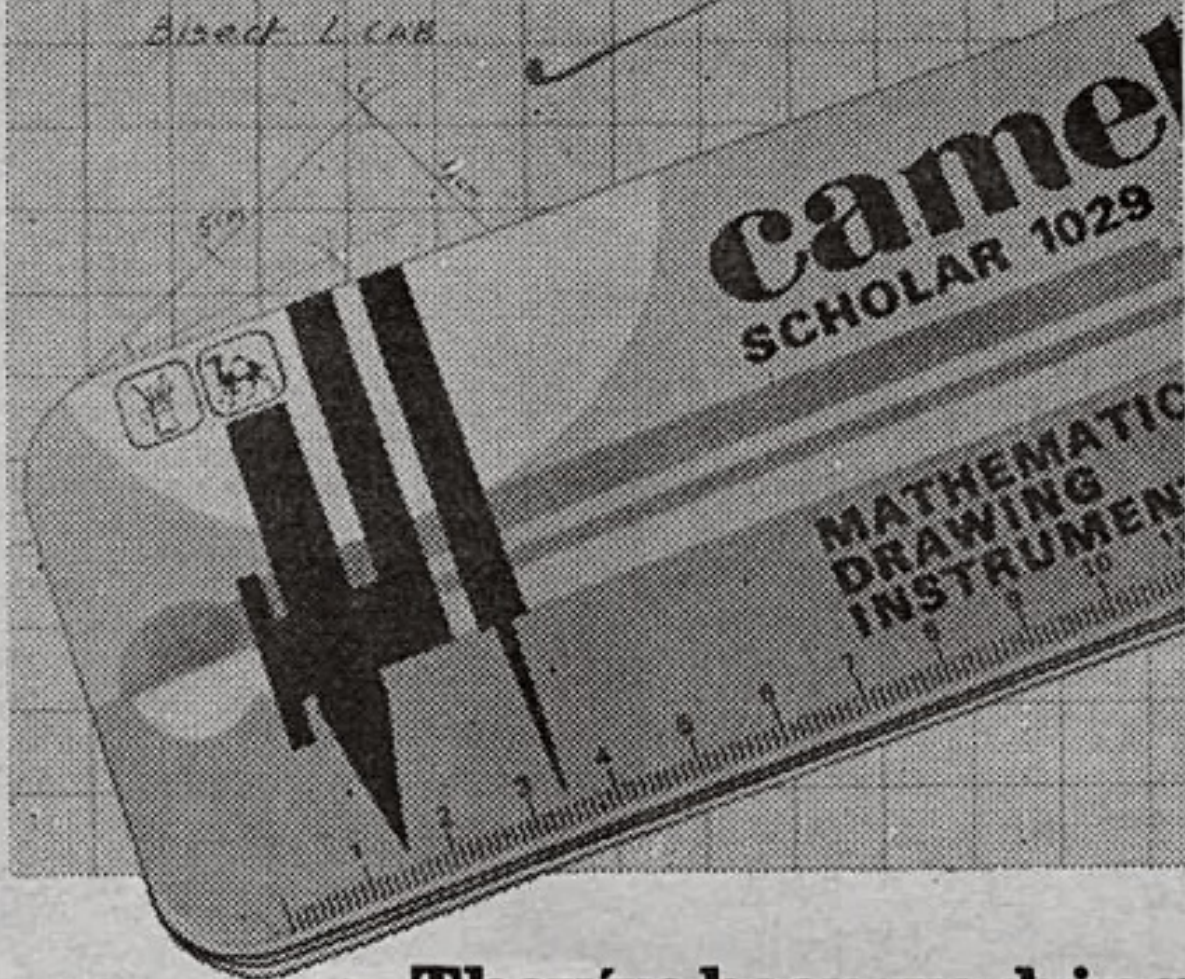
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Handwritten:
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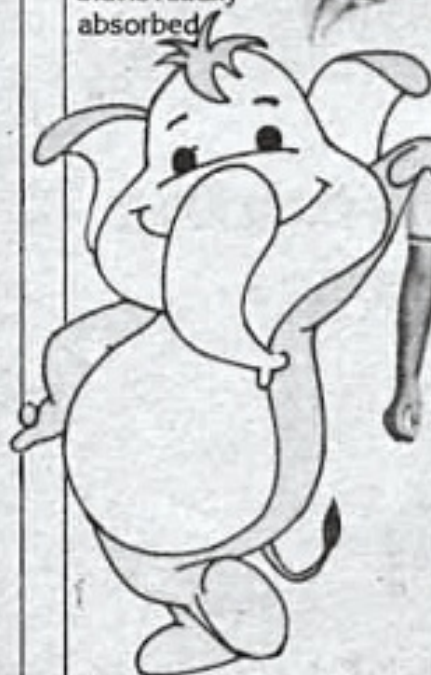
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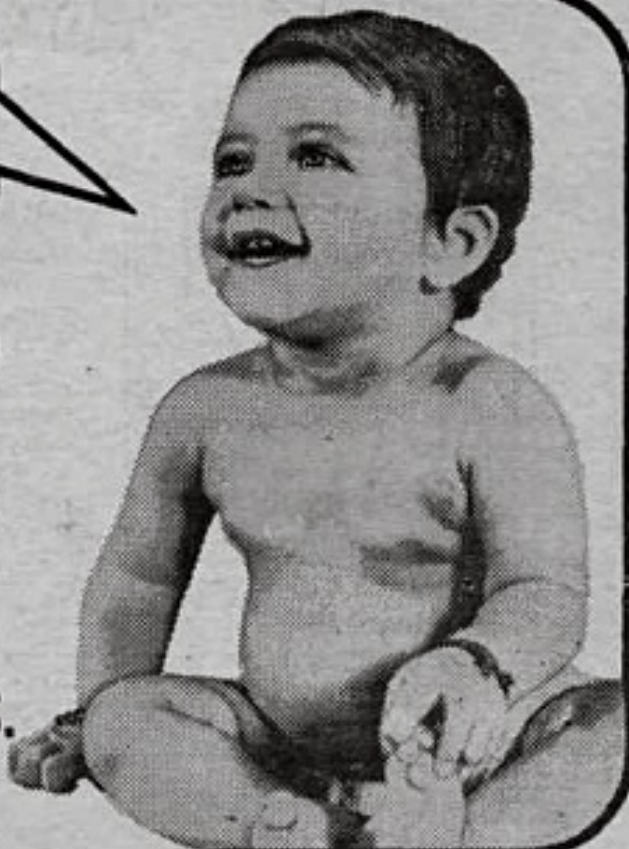
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5. Complete the slogan (e.g. BP Hero Bubble is fun-n-game)
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(Name & Address of the entrants)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____



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OCTOBER '83**

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CHANDAMAMA

Vol.14

NOVEMBER 1983

No.5

NEXT ISSUE

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Rich in multi-coloured pictures and a fresh green crop of extra stories—in addition to all the regular features—the November 1983 Special Diwali Number of your magazine is bound to prove a memorable experience in holiday reading

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AND Newsflash, Contests, Let Us Know and More!



KNOW YOUR HERITAGE CONTEST

To go through the tens of thousands of entries for the "Know Your Heritage Contest" was an unforgettable experience for the members of the team scrutinising them. They felt proud—not only because so much good was said about your magazine, but also because our readers could say things in such charming ways. They also felt sad that the award—as all awards do—can go only to a few. Although the team has done its best to choose the best, no judgment in this regard can be the infallible one! While those who win the contests deserve the laurel, many others might prove equally good when judged from a different angle.

We were keen to announce the result in this issue. But the process is taking much more time than anticipated. Please bear with us, The result will surely appear in the next issue.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

काव्यशास्त्रविनोदेन कालो गच्छति धीमताम् ।
व्यसनेन तु मूर्खाणां निद्रया कलहेन वा ॥

*Kāvyaśāstravinodena kālo gacchati dhīmatām
Vyasanena tu mūrkhāṇāṃ nidrayā kalahena vā*

The wise use their time enjoying scripture and poetry. Fools waste their time indulging in luxury, sleep or quarrel.

—The Hitopadeshah

AMUSING EXPERIENCES WITH PETS

(Here are three of the five prize-winning entries for the contest held for August—abridged where necessary. The two more will be published in the next issue.)



In the Double Role

My parrot was gone! For two days I had no trace of my pet. "Dipu!" someone called as I was passing by a familiar doctor's house. I opened the gate and was about to enter when their large alsatian charged at me. I fell down.

"Lucky!" a voice called the dog. The dog turned and ran into the house. Next moment my parrot came flying and sat down on my shoulder. It had first called me and then saved me from the dog by calling it!

—Paresh Chandra Pattanaik.

Decision was with Teddy

Our dog, Teddy, born of a pomeranian and Sydney Silky, disappeared mysteriously. Our neighbour one day noticed a man taking Teddy for a walk and he told the man that the dog belonged to us. This resulted in the man abandoning the route. However, one of my music students found Teddy roaming about in a compound and, when he called out, Teddy responded and followed him to my house to our great joy. Some days later, when my wife and Teddy went out, someone in a van snatched the dog away. With anger bubbling up I rushed to the house in which Teddy had been found earlier. Teddy was there. I flung myself to a heated argument, which seemed endless. I then suggested that the dog be unleashed and allowed to find its real master. Teddy was unleashed, and sure enough Teddy followed me!

Teddy was not concerned over the brawl anyway.

George Harris.



It Understood Too Much

Our dog Bagha had an awful dread for water. One day when mummy was giving him a wash he bit her; thereupon she let him go dirty. He was happy, but we weren't for he was no more allowed inside the house. At times he seemed to miss the warmth of the house within. He would then come knocking at the door, very gently. If there was no answer, the knocking would grow a little louder; if this too failed to raise any response then it would become a desperate knocking and scratching of a frantic child. The gentle knocking with which it began deceived Mummy a few times. But soon she came to know who it was. She would just say: "Wait, I'm coming with a bucketful of water!" the knocking would cease. Bagha would retreat.

The poor creature understood too much!

—(Miss) Bithi Roy.

(Story so far: Born in the demon-king Kamsa's prison at Mathura but secretly transferred to King Nanda's palace at Gopa, Krishna grew up as a charming young lad. Soon Nanda shifted to Brindavan, on the river Yamuna.)

THE TERROR IN THE LAKE

At a turn of the river Yamuna, linked to it, was a lake called Kalindi. Its location was charming, adjoining the green pastures. Grand old trees stood on its banks with their branches spread out over the waters, but surprising though it may appear, no chirping of birds was heard in these trees. In fact, the empty nest of the last of the birds who once dwelt in these trees had been blown away by the wind

years ago.

Once a covey of migrating birds, who located the lake and hopefully circled over it in their bid to settle down in the trees, suddenly found themselves drained of all vitality. While making a dive into the foliage, they plunged dead into the waters.

The trees overlooking the lake had lost their lustre. Once in a while if a deer or a cow





drank from the lake, it fell dead.

No wonder that the lake and the surrounding region was shunned by the people, as if it was a haunted place.

But it had not been so always. There was a time when it was even considered a sacred place. In a hut on the lake lived a great rishi named Shauvari. He passed most of his time on the brink of the water, meditating or enjoying nature. The fish and the turtles of the lake had become familiar to him and they came near him fearlessly and even played with him.

One day, while flying over the lake, Garuda, the Bird of Vish-

nu, saw a big fish swimming in the dew-clear water and he swooped down upon it. "Stop, stop! All the creatures in this lake are under my protection!" shouted the rishi. But the hungry Garuda paid no heed to his warning.

Furious, the rishi would have thrown a severe curse on Garuda, but he remembered that the bird was after all Vishnu's vehicle. He controlled his wrath and cast a milder curse: "You must not touch this lake again. You shall be reduced to ashes if you do".

Garuda flew away, but the lake Kalindi became a forbidden area for him, though the rishi was no more and a long time had passed.

This was known to a mighty serpent named Kaliya. One day it defied Garuda in its own province. When pursued by the great bird who would have devoured it, the serpent managed to reach the lake.

Kaliya was a huge creature with a thousand hoods. The only one who could harm it was Garuda. Since it knew of the curse that kept Garuda away from the lake, it grew proud and arrogant. Its family soon joined

it there and the venom they emitted made the water fatal to any creature who drank even a little of it. The air they breathed out charged the whole atmosphere with poison. That explains why the trees looked singed and why the birds fell dead while passing over it.

It was a quiet noon. But for the cooing of doves there was no noise. A little while ago Krishna, Balarama and some other boys were playing in an outer courtyard of King Nanda's palace. Mother Yasoda felt surprised that their hullabaloo was heard no longer. She peeped into the courtyard. The boys

had dispersed. Balarama was seen fondling a brown bony calf.

"Where is Krishna?" she asked.

"I don't know!" replied Balarama, feeling guilty that he was unable to satisfy the mother's query. His eyes riveted in different directions. Then he ran forward and crossed the gate and stopped. Mother Yasoda could still see him.

"Is Krishna there?" she asked, raising her voice.

Balarama nodded negatively.

"Then where is he?" she betrayed impatience.

By then a dozen servants had heard her. They had already got





busy looking for Krishna. A couple of them ran to the garden, one to the orchard, one into the kitchen. But one who remembered having seen Krishna going into the meadow with two of his friends, ran to look for him there. Two or three other young men followed him.

After they had searched all the familiar haunts of Krishna in the pastures and on the river-bank, one young man climbed to the top of a tall tree to have a vaster view of the valley. Suddenly he gave out a shriek.

"What's the matter?" those below asked him anxiously.

The climber only pointed his

hand at the dreaded area—Lake Kalindi. "I can see two of our boys lying on the bank of the lake!" he cried out while coming down rapidly. "Let us hope they have only fainted!" said the others.

They knew that those boys must be carried away from the poisonous atmosphere of the lake as soon as possible if they are to live. Even then they could not muster courage to go there themselves. They ran breathless to the palace and mumbled out their observation before Nanda, Yasoda and those others who were with the king and the queen.

There was panic. All of them ran towards Kalindi. Even Yasoda—suppressing her sob—joined them.

And she swooned away at what she saw—while the others stood speechless.

Krishna's companions lay senseless touching the water. But Krishna himself was in the lake. He held on to a leaning tree. But the serpent Kaliya held him in its terrible clasp, coiling its tail round his chest!

Nobody knew what to do. All on a sudden Balarama jumped forward and shouted, "What is

this, Krishna, are you scared of the mere serpent? I should expect you to do something better than just holding on to a tree!"

Krishna turned and smiled at Balarama. Next moment he left his hold on the tree and pressing his tiny hands on Kaliya's multi-hooded head, jumped onto it.

He began to dance—as if the serpent's head was a cosy platform built for that purpose. As the serpent lashed at him with its tail, he caught hold of it and kept it in his firm grip.

The serpent writhed and wriggled, creating a turmoil in the lake. Its hissing sounded like a

cyclone.

Soon it began to vomit blood. Out of the waters emerged its wives: Their prayer moved Krishna. He stopped dancing and said, "Leave this lake at once—all of you. If you do, I assure you that Garuda will not harm you."

Krishna jumped onto the bank.

Quietly and gratefully the serpent-family left Kalindi. A strong wind drove away the poison from the atmosphere. The heavy monsoon that followed gradually cleansed the waters of the lake. It became a beautiful place again.



Don Quixote

(His mind crazed by reading too many romantic novels, Don Quixote sees a windmill whose sails he claims are thirty giants.)

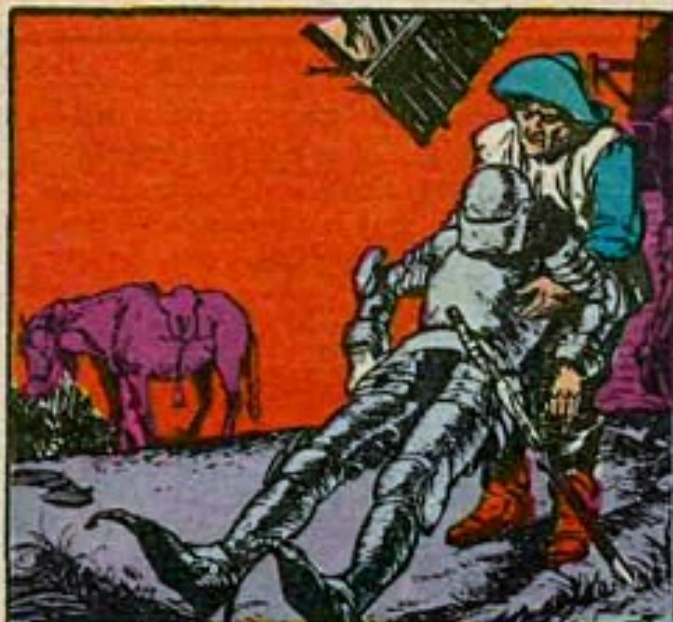
"But they are not giants, my Lord," protested Sancho. "It is only a windmill."
"They are gaints, I tell you. Stand aside while I attack and fell them to the ground!" said Don Quixote.



As Don Quixote charged the windmill, a strong breeze sprang up which caused the sails of the windmill to begin moving. "Don't wave your arms at me!" shouted the knight. "Now prepare to pay for your arrogance."

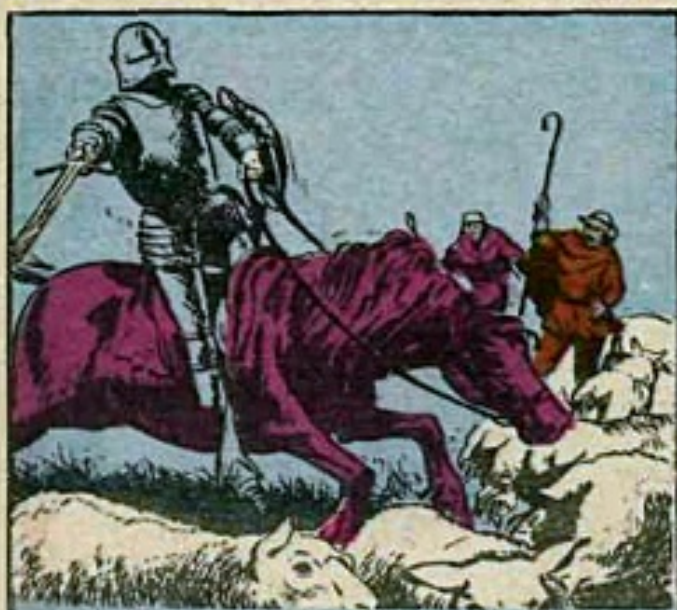


As Don Quixote neared one of the rotating sails, he thrust his lance firmly into it. Immediately his lance was splintered and he was hurled from his horse, Rozinante.



His squire, Sancho Panza came hurrying up to his master as fast as his ass would carry him. "I did warn you, sire," he said. "I told you that your giants were but a windmill!" Don Quixote replied in a muffled voice. "What you do not realise, Sancho, is that the giants were transformed into a windmill by an enchanter."

As they went on their way, Don Quixote suddenly said, "Can you not hear the neighing of horses and the rolling of drums?" Sancho replied, "All I can hear is the bleating of a flock of sheep." But Sancho's master had already made up his mind.



"Courage, my brave knights," he cried. "have come to rescue you." The shepherds shouted and tried to wave the Don away but without avail. The Don was bent upon saving the sheep from their shepherds!

When their pleas and shouts had no effect on the knight, the shepherds began to hurl stones and small boulders at the Don. One rock caught him fairly on the chest and sent him flying.



Thinking that they had perhaps killed him, the shepherds fled. Once they had gone, Sancho approached his master. "Did I not tell you they were but flocks of sheep and not an army?"



"Friend Sancho, it is the work of the enchanter again," Don Quixote told him gravely. "If you were to follow those supposed sheep, you would see them assuming their former shape. But fear not, our fortunes will change before long. Now let us be on our way."

Before long, the knight saw in the distance a man wearing something on his head that glittered like gold. "That man wears the helmet of Mambrino, the famous Saracen warrior!" Don Quixote exclaimed.



There were two villages in the area, and one of them had a barber, and the other did not have any. So when a person in one village wanted his hair cut, the barber went there with his brass bowl, which he wore on his head for convenience.



But Don Quixote had been too crazy to understand this simple explanation. "I will make the Saracen's helmet mine," he roared, as he spurred his horse forward. The barber was riding alone peacefully, unaware of an impending disaster. Then he looked up and saw the terrible figure bearing down on him at full charge.

The barber took one look at the charging knight and flung himself off his ass and then fled as fast as he could, leaving his brass bowl in the roadside. Sancho Panza, the Don's squire, dismounted from his ass and examined the bowl. "This is rather a splendid basin, and surely well worth a price."



Don Quixote took the bowl from his servant and examined it. "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head. As the worth of this gold helmet must be considerable, I shall wear it myself." So with the brass basin now stuck firmly on his head, he continued on his way with his squire.

Thoughts of his imaginary princess, the Lady Dulcinea, now began greatly to occupy Quixote's mind, so that he became blind to all other matters. Suddenly coming across a boat by the river bank, the knight immediately regarded it as an enchanted vessel which would carry him to his beloved Dulcinea. Leaving his horse on the bank, Don Quixote ordered Sancho to get into the boat with him.



The boat carried them down the river until they came to a water-mill. Suddenly convinced that this was fort in which Dulcinea was being held captive, Don Quixote shouted a challenge and prepared to land. Neither he nor Sancho saw a waterfall that was nearby.



Suddenly the boat began to gather speed as the waterfall pulled them towards its edge. The next moment they were being carried over its edge towards the swirling waters below.



Luckily, they escaped with only a soaking. But now Don Quixote was beginning to realise that his mission was not going according to plan. He had set out to prove to Dulcinea that he was a knight of whom she could be proud. But so far he had achieved nothing. He was therefore in a sad mood as he went back to his horse who was naturally glad to see him again

To Continue



Signs of a Scholar

Jay Sharma was the chief pundit in the court of the King of Pushpagiri. Over the years he had created the impression that there was no scholar either in Pushpagiri or in any of the neighbouring kingdoms who could match him.

Whenever a scholar or a poet came with the desire to meet the king, Jay Sharma managed to drive him away before he had any chance of meeting the king.

Krishnakant, a young man of Pushpagiri, studied at the great academy in Varanasi and passed the highest test in scholarship successfully. Back at his native town, he understood that what to speak of impressing the king with his learning, it may not be possible for him even to meet the king!

He met the court dancer, Mallika, and told her about his

problem. One day when Mallika was to present a dance recital in the court, she took Krishnakant along with her. The scholar passed the gate as the dancer's musical accompanist.

After the dance, when the king was in a happy mood, Mallika introduced Krishnakant to him as a highly gifted scholar and poet. Krishnakant himself told the king the various branches of learning he had mastered.

Jay Sharma who stood near the king commented derisively, "Is it not queer that a scholar should come to the king through a dancer and not through any scholar?"

"The first sign of a true scholar is his love for talent and scholarship in others. I am afraid, there is no man with such qualities in the court now. That



is why I had to meet the king through the court dancer's courtesy. She is kind and noble!" commented Krishnakant.

This infuriated Jay Sharma. "My lord," he screamed looking at the king, "We ought to throw this impertinent chap out!"

"This is not the scholarly way to deal with a scholar! If you wish to throw me out, better defeat me in a learned dialogue," demanded Krishnakant.

The king agreed with Krishnakant's argument.

Jay Sharma would have liked the king to order Krishnakant to leave the court immediately. But sensing the king's mood in

favour of a dialogue, he put some difficult questions to Krishnakant. Humbly but confidently Krishnakant answered them correctly.

Now it was Krishnakant's turn to put questions to Jay Sharma. "I propose to know only three things from you. What is it that increases when distributed? What is the most valuable question? Who is a true master?" asked the young scholar.

Jay Sharma, who had grown very angry, was in no position to answer properly. He spoke in an incoherent manner. Even the king was surprised. "Sharma, I don't think you are speaking correctly," the king observed gravely.

"In that case let this fellow answer his own questions!" said Sharma in a huff. "Why not," said the king.

Krishnakant answered, "When one makes others happy, one's own happiness increases. The most valuable question is one that leads us towards knowing the Truth. The true master is one who can inspire in the disciple a real thirst for knowledge!" said Krishnakant.



The king and the courtiers applauded. Jay Sharma looked furious. "I resign my position," he said, trembling with rage.

"I should not stop you from doing that, Sharma, if that pleases you," said the king.

"Jay Sharma, I believe, is a worthy scholar, my lord. It is only his ego that overshadowed

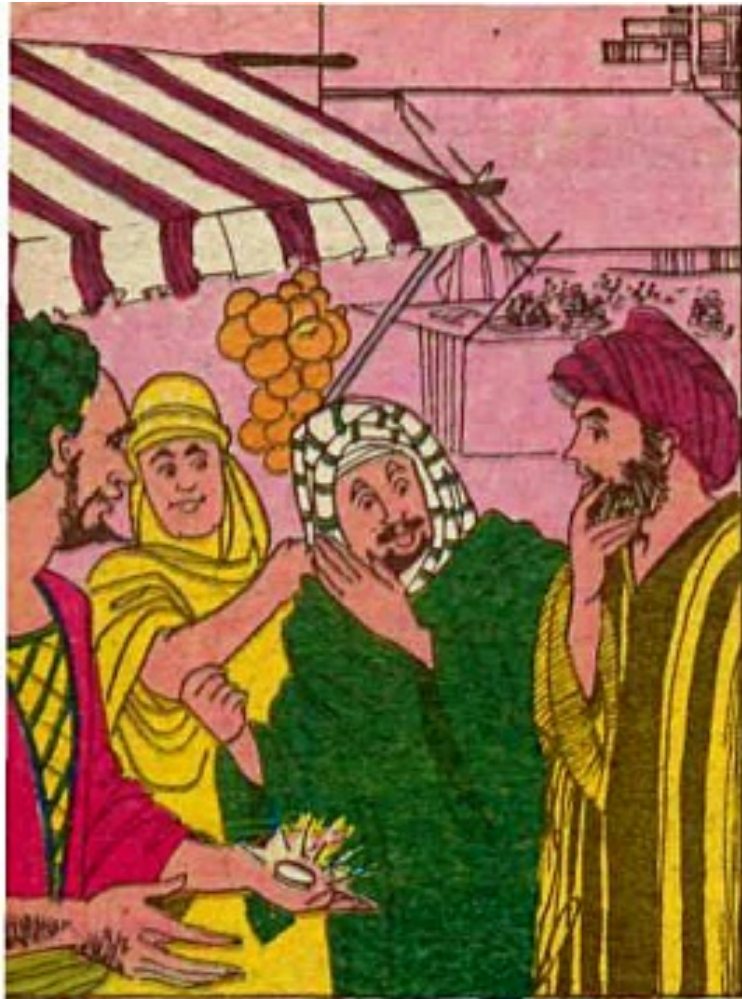
his scholarship. I hope he won't be so proud in the future. He need not resign," said Krishnakant.

But the king was not quite enthusiastic to retain Jay Sharma who left not only the court but also the kingdom. Krishnakant joined the king's service. In a year's time he became the chief pundit of the court.

CONTEST FOR OCTOBER '83

Write in 100-150 words on "My best friend". Narrate the incident, that made you think that someone was your best friend—from your true personal experience. (Please state the no. of words used.)

Entries should reach the Editor, Chandamama (English), 188 Arcot Road, Madras-600 026 on or before the 15th October. A reward of Rs. 50.00 will go to the winner. When there are more than one winner, each will get a reward of Rs. 25.00



Towards a Brighter Personality

Storm in the Bazar

understood very little of one another's language, but that did not matter. They moved about like friends.

They entered the bazar. There were so many shops selling so many nice things. But the four companions could not buy anything as they had no money that circulated in that country.

To their joy they found a coin lying on the ground. It was a local coin.

"*Angur!*" said the Persian. From his gesture his companions understood that he meant to buy that stuff.

"*Uzum, uzum!*" said the Turk.

"*Inab,*" said the Arab, trying to silence the rest.

"*Stafil!*" exclaimed the Greek, gesticulating to draw the attention of the rest to a nearby shop.

The coin was changing hands—each trying to keep it to himself for buying what he thought to be the best thing.

Rajesh!" said Grandpa Chowdhury, "Will you like to listen to a story?"

"I'll love to, Grandpa," Rajesh responded eagerly.

Prof. Chowdhury went on with his story :

The ship lay at anchor in a certain harbour. The passengers were told that they could leave the ship and spend a few hours in the town.

Happy at the opportunity to see a new place in a new country, the passengers went out in batches.

One group was made up of four persons : a Persian, a Turk, an Arab and a Greek. They

An old traveller who had known the world rather well was passing by. He observed them for a moment. Coming closer, he said, "Gentlemen, calm down. Give me the coin. You will not regret it."

The coin was handed over to him. He went to a stall and brought a bunch of grapes and divided it among the four.

"*Angur!*" exclaimed the Persian. Obviously he wanted that.

"*Uzum!*" cried out the happy Turk.

"*Inab!*" shouted the Arab, admiring the grapes.

"*Hoa! Stafil!*" yelled the Greek.

The traveller smiled. "We all want the same thing in life. But we don't understand one another and fight!" he mur-

mured to himself.

Rajesh who heard the story with rapt attention clapped his hands.

"Thanks, grandpa, but..." Rajesh looked at the professor suspiciously.

Prof. Chowdhury laughed. "You've begun to guess in the right direction, Rajesh. I often overhear you and your friends arguing bitterly on several topics. Most of the time the essence of what we have to say is the same. Only we say it differently. When one learns to rise a little higher in one's thoughts, one begins to understand whatever truth is there in a point of view that appears different from one's own point view. Until one has done that, one argues in vain!"





Earned with Labour

In the village Rudrapur lived Shivram, a smith. He did his work of forging or sharpening instruments with dedication. He was also honest in dealing with his customers. It was not surprising that he prospered in his work and he earned well.

But Shivram was not happy with his only son, Raju. The boy was quite intelligent, but he showed no interest in his father's vocation.

"My son, now that you have finished your school, you have to decide between two courses of action. You should either study more, or begin to work," Shivram told Raju.

"How to study more? There is no scope for that in our village!" observed Raju.

"You have to live in the town for that. It is not going to be

easy for me to provide you with money for your higher studies, but I will do my best to meet the need," said Shivram.

"I do not want to go to live in the town," said Raju in a murmur.

"Who will look after him in the town? He has not learnt how to live among strangers!" commented Raju's mother.

"He has to learn many things which he has not learnt so far. Well, I do not insist on his going for study. But what I object to is his idling away his time. That ruins a man's mind. He must work," said Shivram.

"Yes, my son, you must learn to work. If you do not wish to assist your father in his work, do something else!" said the mother.

Next day Raju went out, saying that he was looking for a

job in the bazar. But he spent the greater part of the day playing cards with his friends or gossiping with them. In the evening he returned home and told his parents, "Don't you worry. I'll begin to earn soon—and earn much!"

"I should be happy even if you earn a rupee a day!" commented his father.

Raju went out the next day again—but only to while away his time. At the close of the day he returned home and told his mother, "I could not earn anything today; but I'll certainly earn tomorrow. Today you give me a rupee which I can give to my father."

The indulgent mother gave him a rupee.

"Look here, father, here is the money I earned today!" Raju claimed before his father.

"Is that so?" The father took the coin into his hand and suddenly threw it into the oven. Raju said nothing.

Next day Raju stole a rupee from his mother's box and in the evening gave it to his father, saying that he had earned it.

Shivram looked at the coin and threw it into the oven again. Raju kept quiet.



Next day Raju searched his mother's box, but found nothing. He went to the bazar and asked a shopkeeper if he could get some work. The shopkeeper showed him how to weigh the goods he was selling. Raju sat in the shop for half of the day and weighed things for the buyers. When the shop was closed the shopkeeper gave him a rupee.

Raju ran to his father and showed him the coin and claimed that he had earned it.

Shivram examined the coin and threw it into the oven. At once Raju sprang forward and recovered the coin by the help of a stick, saying aloud at the



same time, "Father, must my hard-earned money be wasted?"

"It must not be!" said Shivram. "This indeed is your hard-earned money. I doubt if the two previous coins had been really earned by you. You would have rushed to salvage

them had they been really received in exchange for your labour!"

Raju kept quiet. Shivram patted him on the back.

From the next day Raju sat near his father and began to learn his craft.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



The Ghost's Mischief

One day I went to meet my friend who was a nun in a convent. When I went there I found all the nuns together having a hearty laugh. But one nun was looking solemn, reclining on a sofa.

When my friend came out she invited me in and bade me sit down. I asked why all the sisters had been laughing so loudly. Laughingly she narrated to me this tale. It seems that some boarders were very superstitious and were telling that a ghost was dancing on a certain grave in the cemetery. They said that they could see it through the window.

Now this sister, in order to prove that there was no ghost, had gone to the cemetery with three nails and a hammer. She said she would stick the three nails on that particular grave. The boarders had been watching through the window.

It was early in the night. She nailed one nail, looked at the boarders and smiled. She nailed the other nail, again looked and smiled. Then the third nail she nailed, and smiling triumphantly she was about to leave the place. But she couldn't. Something was holding her back. She screamed and fainted.

When the nuns and the boarders rushed to the cemetery and were lifting her they found that she had nailed her white gown to the white tomb!

—Aletra Mendas.



THE THIEF WHO SNEEZED

The Sultan, on a tour of his sultanate, was camping in a small town one night.

Towards the end of the night there was a commotion in the camp. Someone had seen a thief inside the house.

The Sultan woke up and asked his officers and servants to nab the thief. It was certain that the thief had not gone out

of the house. He must be hiding somewhere. "Trap him you must!" said the Sultan.

But the thief could not be found despite a thorough search of all the rooms in the house. It was morning and about a hundred people of the neighbourhood collected around the house. The Sultan was impatient. He was to start for his



capital as soon as possible.

Suddenly a sneeze was heard from a rolled tent. Immediately the servants pounced upon the thing and discovered the thief who had managed to hide inside the roll.

He was pulled out. The officers were ready to beat him up.

"Wait, wait," he said, "I've something to say to the Sultan—privately."

He was closeted with the Sultan.

"My lord, must you let them beat me when I should be rewarded?"

"Rewarded? What for?"

"My lord, your men were about to give up the search and you were about to leave. What would have people said of your officers? They are so inefficient that they could not catch a thief even when the thief was right inside the house! It is to save them from being laughed at that I sneezed! After all, your dignity is more important than my life!" said the thief.

"Hm!" The Sultan let the people see the captured thief, but on his way to his capital, he set the fellow free.





Bargain for a Blanket

Sujanpur was a big village. The bazar was not far. Between the village and the bazar was situated Lalu's shop. He dealt in second-hand goods.

One day a villager named Bhagudas entered the shop. He held tucked under his arm a rolled blanket.

"What is the price of a new blanket?" he asked Lalu.

"What have I to do with new blankets? Don't you know that I buy and sell old things only?" responded Lalu.

"I know. But one who deals in old commodities ought to know the price of new commodities!" said Bhagudas.

"Well, I know, I must say. The new blankets cost twenty rupees a piece. I buy an old thing at one-fourth of its original price. Then I sell it adding to it a profit of one-fourth of the

price I had paid," said Lalu.

"Do you mean to say that you will be willing to pay only five rupees for this one?" Bhagudas showed the blanket he held, feigning a little surprise.

Lalu examined the blanket and said, "This one won't fetch five rupees, for its colour has entirely faded. The right price for it would be three rupees."

"Are you sure?" asked Bhagudas.

"Let me see," said Lalu as he unfolded the blanket. Then he said again, his lips curled in derision, "I'm afraid, this one had been offered to worms for their feast! Well, it cannot fetch more than two rupees!"

At once Bhagudas brought out an amount of two and half rupees from his pocket and offered it to Lalu.

"What is this? Is it not for me



to pay you?" Lalu was surprised.

"Lalu, this blanket belongs to your shop. It was hanging in the verandah. I picked it up. You fixed its price at two rupees. Since you keep one-fourth profit, I am paying you two and half rupees," explained Bhagudas.

"But what happened to the price-tag attached to it?" asked Lalu.

"That had come loose. It is in my pocket." Bhagudas showed

the tag. It read ten rupees.

"Well, the tag already mentions its price!" said Lalu.

"Obviously that is wrong! I am paying you according to your own evaluation!"

There were other customers who began showing a keen interest in the dialogue. Lalu did not relish that. He accepted the price offered by Bhagudas and said, "Will you please leave with the blanket immediately?" Bhagudas went away happily.



Vijay: Mother, when do you think am I going to have a long beard?

Mother: Why?

Vijay: So that I could use that necktie father bought for my birthday without embarrassment.

NATURE'S KINGDOM

THEY ATE THEIR WAY TO STARVATION

The Moose has a massive frame, with an appetite to match...

Ile Royale is an island off the shores of Lake Superior, the vast inland sea that lies between Canada and the United States. With an area of about 500 sq. km the island is an uninhabited wilderness which provides a sanctuary for moose, the largest kind of deer in the world.

During the early years of this century, a few moose swam across to the island from the Canadian mainland. Finding plenty of food—birch, aspen, mountain ash and balsam fir—and no predatory animals, they soon prospered to such an extent that within a few years their number had grown to more than 2,000.

Inevitably, this led to the available food becoming increasingly scarce. The moose have enormous appetite and this makes them trek endlessly back and forth across the timberlands of Canada and the north-western United States that form their natural habitat.

Soon the moose were starving, for they were eating the trees and vegetation as fast as they could grow.

This also had an adverse effect on the smaller animals. Beavers could not find young poplars from which to construct their "lodges", and there was no cover left for the snowshoe hares, who were preyed upon by predatory birds. Only the coyotes and foxes flourished with the abundance of dead moose for food.

It looked as if the moose herd was doomed, especially when a great fire swept through the island in 1936. But the fresh green growth which sprang up after the fire only brought about another build-up in the moose population. Within a few years, the same situation was occurring all over again, with over-population, malnutrition and widespread disease.

To avoid this recurring cycle of events, some scientists came up with the idea of introducing timber wolves to the island.

But before they could do so, they found that nature came up with her own solution. Without the scientists knowing it, some timber wolves had already made their own way onto the island.

The scientists watched with great interest. Would the wolves wipe out the moose altogether and then find themselves facing starvation? Fully grown moose are well able to defend themselves against wolves, but young calves that wander away from the herd and starving adults would soon fall prey to the pack.

The scientists set up observation posts and, after an initial sharp reduction in the size of the moose herd, they found that nature had made her own balance. The wolf pack was averaging a couple of dozen and the moose were maintaining their number at around 1,000. There was now food enough on the island to support a



herd of moose and a pack of wolves.

Moose are not small animals. A fully grown specimen can weigh up to 500 kg and measure more than three metres in length.

Their most distinguishing feature, however, is their set of enormous antlers. During the

breeding season, which stretches from September to October, the male moose (the bulls) fight over the females. It is not unknown for a pair of bull moose to get their antlers so inextricably locked that eventually both die of starvation.



Mangoes In Winter

Subudhi and Kubudhi, belonging to a village called Nagar, were close friends. But as their names suggest, while Subudhi was a good-natured young man, Kubudhi was mischievous.

Once Subudhi went out on a business tour. He travelled many cities and returned to Nagar after six months, bringing with him lumps of gold, some diamonds and other precious objects.

Kubudhi invited Subudhi for dinner. Subudhi came to his house with some valuable gifts.

But instead of gladdening Kubudhi, the gifts only brewed more greed in him. He planned to make Subudhi part with some of the precious objects he had brought.

"My friend, did you see anything strange in course of your tour?" Kubudhi asked Subudhi.

"So many strange things I saw at different faraway places. But



why go far? Can you think of ripe mangoes in this winter season? Well, behind the deserted temple outside our own village I saw a few ripe mangoes on my way home!" said Subudhi.

"But that is impossible! Your eyes must have deceived you!" said Kubudhi.

"I bet I saw them. If you accompany me there in the morning, I will show them to you," replied Subudhi.

"What do you bet?"

"Anything you propose!"

"Let us do like this. If there are mangoes in the tree as you say, I'll let you carry from my house on whatever you lay both your hands first. If you cannot

show me any mango, you must let me carry off on whatever I lay both my hands in your house first. Do you agree?" asked Kubudhi.

"Very well." responded Subudhi.

After Subudhi left for his home, Kubudhi set out for the deserted temple. There were indeed mangoes in the tree behind the temple. He plucked all the fruit and threw them into the river. It was a difficult task to do at the awfully severe winter night.

In the morning both the friends visited the temple together with some witnesses. Not a single mango was to be



seen.

Subudhi had anticipated this. He smiled at observing the glitter in Kubudhi's eyes.

"Now, friend, you must let me act according to the condition," said the happy Kubudhi.

"I must."

The two friends and the witnesses reached Subudhi's house. To his dismay, Kubudhi saw that Subudhi had removed everything valuable to the top of his roof.

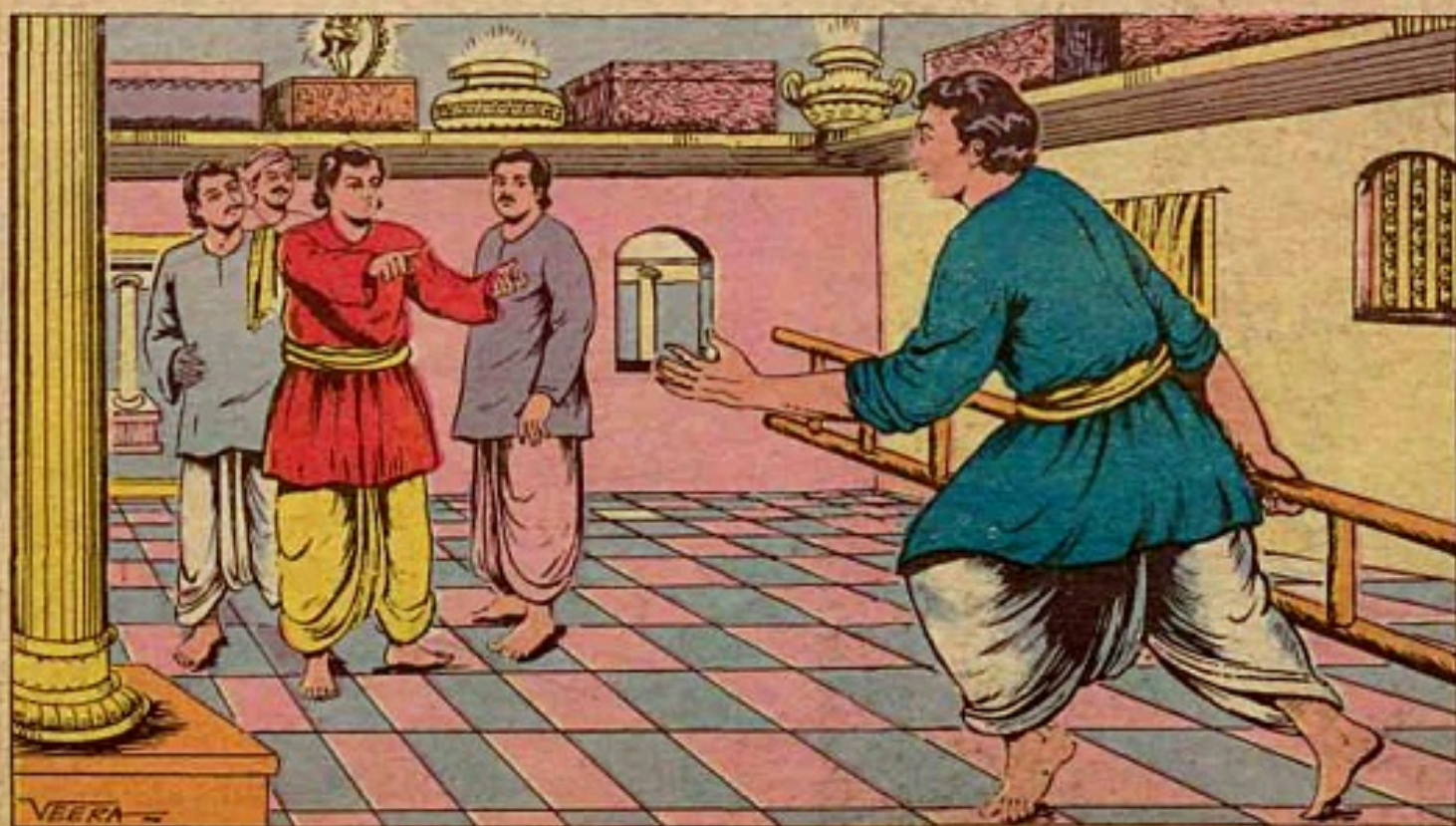
Kubudhi looked here and there. Soon his eyes fell on a bamboo ladder. He grabbed at the ladder with both the hands in order to use it to reach the roof.

"Enough, enough! You have laid both your hands first on the ladder. You are entitled to it—but to nothing more!" shouted Subudhi. The witnesses agreed with him, for there was no doubt about the fact that Kubudhi had laid both his hands on the ladder!

Kubudhi threw away the ladder in disgust.

"I hope, you have at least kept the mangoes you plucked at night—braving the terrible cold," said Subudhi.

"What if he has? Those mangoes are so sour that even buffaloes do not eat them," commented a villager.





New Tales of King
Vikram and the Vampire

THE ASTROLOGER'S FATE

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At intervals of thunderclaps could be heard the moaning of jackals and the eerie laughter of spirits.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, I do not know how much you will enjoy your life at the end of your travails. There are people who shun the opportunity that comes to them even after they have suffered much. Let me give you an instance. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: King Jaisen of Rudrapur was growing old. He wanted his son, crown-



Shastri, who had grown famous as an astrologer. The king summoned him to his court and told him privately of the suspicion he had had about the court-astrologer's words. He then spread before Ram Shastri the horoscopes of himself and the crown-prince and requested him to examine them.

Ram Shastri studied the horoscope of the crown-prince first. He made some calculation and asked in a subdued tone, "My lord, is the crown-prince present in the palace?"

"No, he is camping in the forest for a few days, for hunting and gathering knowledge about our Bhil subjects."

"I thought so. My lord, his horoscope shows that he is likely to get married to a Bhil girl one of these days. Since tonight is auspicious, the marriage might take place tonight," said the astrologer.

This came as a shock to the king. "I must hasten to stop him from doing any such thing," he said almost screaming. Before Ram Shastri had said anything more, he went out.

As the king did not wish the thing to be known to others, he rode into the forest all alone. It

prince Subirsen, to be coronated as the full-fledged king so that himself could retire to a peaceful living.

But the court-astrologer told him, "You will live for a hundred years. There is no sign of any danger to your health either. Why burden the crown-prince with kingship so soon? He has hardly any experience!"

The king suspected that the astrologer had been secretly bribed by the crown-prince to say like that. The crown-prince spent all his time in merrymaking and was afraid of the kingly responsibilities.

In a distant town lived Ram

was already getting dark. He had gone a little into the forest when he had to confront some bandits. He fought them single-handed and repelled them, but that delayed his reaching his destination. By the time he reached the Bhil locality, the prince's marriage with the Bhil chieftain's daughter had already been performed.

King Jaisen believed in the sanctity of marriage. That is why he did not disown his son's bride. He brought them home. The bride was warmly received by all in the palace under the king's direction.

The prince soon heard about the astrologer. He called him and asked him, "Who passed on the news of my marriage to you in advance?"

"Your horoscope," replied Ram Shastri.

"Don't talk nonsense. However, you have won my father's trust. Please tell him that his horoscope says that he would live long and my horoscope says that I am not fit for ascending the throne at least before five years! If you do as I say, I'll reward you heavily," said the prince.

Ram Shastri did not respond.



The same day he told the king, "My lord, enthrone the prince soon so that he can have your guidance now. After all you are not going to live forever."

The king heeded the astrologer's advice and the prince was crowned the king.

The very first thing the young king, Subirsen, did was to throw Ram Sastri in gaol because he had not obeyed his instruction.

When the old king, Jaisen, heard this, he rushed to meet Ram Shastri and told him, "I am ashamed of my son's conduct. I shall take steps to set you free immediately."

"My lord, please don't do any such thing. According to my horoscope I was to suffer imprisonment now. It is good that I am jailed for being truthful and not for any crime. The young king might feel insulted if you cancel his very first order. My lord, let me tell you that you are to live for a year more according to your horoscope. Of course, Almighty God can change your destiny, but my humble advice is, devote yourself to meditation and do not bother much about other things," said Ram Shastri.

The old king saw sense in what Ram Shastri said. Instead

of setting him free, he arranged for him to live in great comfort.

But when he met his son, he said, "I am much disturbed over your conduct towards Ram Shastri. Must one be punished for acting according to one's conscience? I am to live for only one more year, says my horoscope. I must be frank with you in all matters."

"Father, I don't believe in astrology. Ram Shastri must be a cheat. If his prediction about your living only for a year more comes true, I'll set him free," said the young king.

Thereafter the young king left no stone unturned to safeguard



his father's health. The old king was obliged to be confined to a castle. A team of physicians examined him twice every day. The best possible treatment was given to him for the slightest illness. His food was cooked in a special kitchen under great care.

But one day a big lizard fell off the lantern hanging over the old king's bed. It fell with a thud on the king's chest. He gave out a shriek and collapsed. Physicians rushed to his side only to find him dead—of heartfailure.

The young king at once set Ram Shastri free and profusely apologised to him. After King Jaisen's funeral, the young king told Ram Shastri, "I shall consider myself lucky to have you as my chief minister. You will receive everything you might desire for yourself or for your family."

"Thanks, my lord, but I am not the fit person for that position. It is time for me to retire to my native place and spend the rest of my life in peace," said the astrologer.

The young king gave him a great ovation and let him go back to his native town with cartloads of gifts.

The vampire paused for a



moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, was it not foolish of Ram Shastri to refuse the offer of chief-ministership after suffering so much? And is it not foolish of the young king to accept his refusal so easily? Answer me if you can. If you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "Ram Shastri was a great astrologer. His merit lay in predicting events and not in advising. In any case, as an astrologer he certainly knew what was in store for him. That



he wished to retire for a peaceful life indicated that he was not expecting to live long. The young king had by then realised that Ram Shastri read his and other's future accurately. If it was his destiny to be the king's minister, he would not have

declined the offer. That is why the young king did not insist on his accepting the offer."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

WONDER WITH COLOURS



The Doorless Room

Many of you have heard of Glamis—a place to which reference is made in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

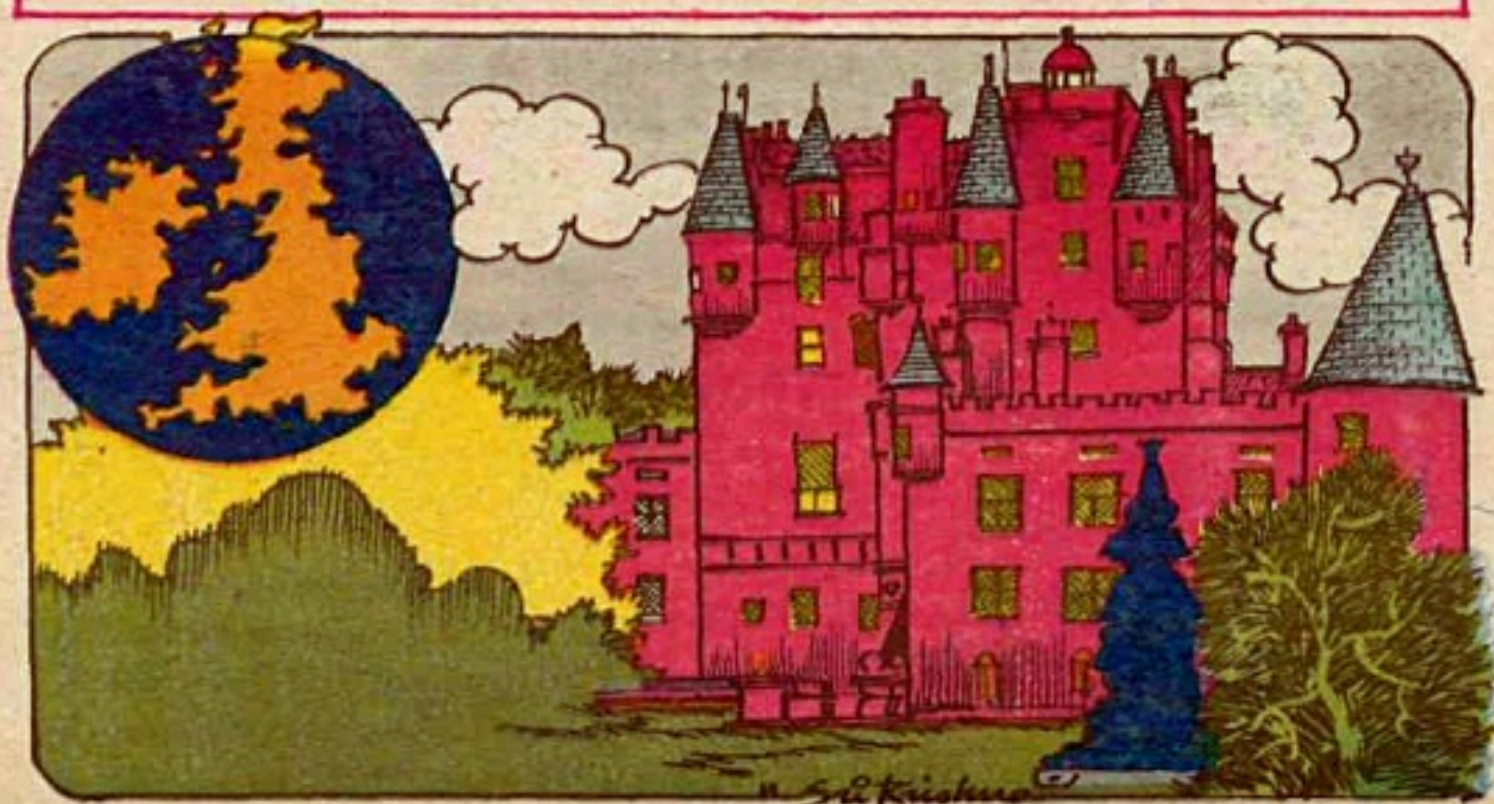
The Castle of Glamis built between 1675–1687 still stands in Scotland. It has more than one hundred rooms in it—situated in a disorderly fashion. We say disorderly—but those who spend some time inside the castle feel their situation just mysterious.

Many of those rooms have perhaps never been used by human beings. Never mind—

there are other users. That is what the popular tales assert. Guess who are they? Ghosts, of course!

Let us dismiss the tales. What we cannot dismiss is the fact that there is a strange room in the castle—a room with a window, but without a door!

Only three persons at any one time know the secret of the entrance into the room. They are its owner, his heir when he is no longer a boy and the manager of the castle—we were told in a TV programme by Sir Brian



Horrocks in 1962.

But the room alone is not the whole of the mystery. The room is rumoured to have had a resident for a long time. The earl who inherits the castle is given a glimpse of the solitary dweller while being told about the secret of the room. Once the earl sees the strange face, smile disappears from his own face for the rest of his life. So one of the last earls requested his father not to provide him with a glimpse of the dweller. That was in 1876.

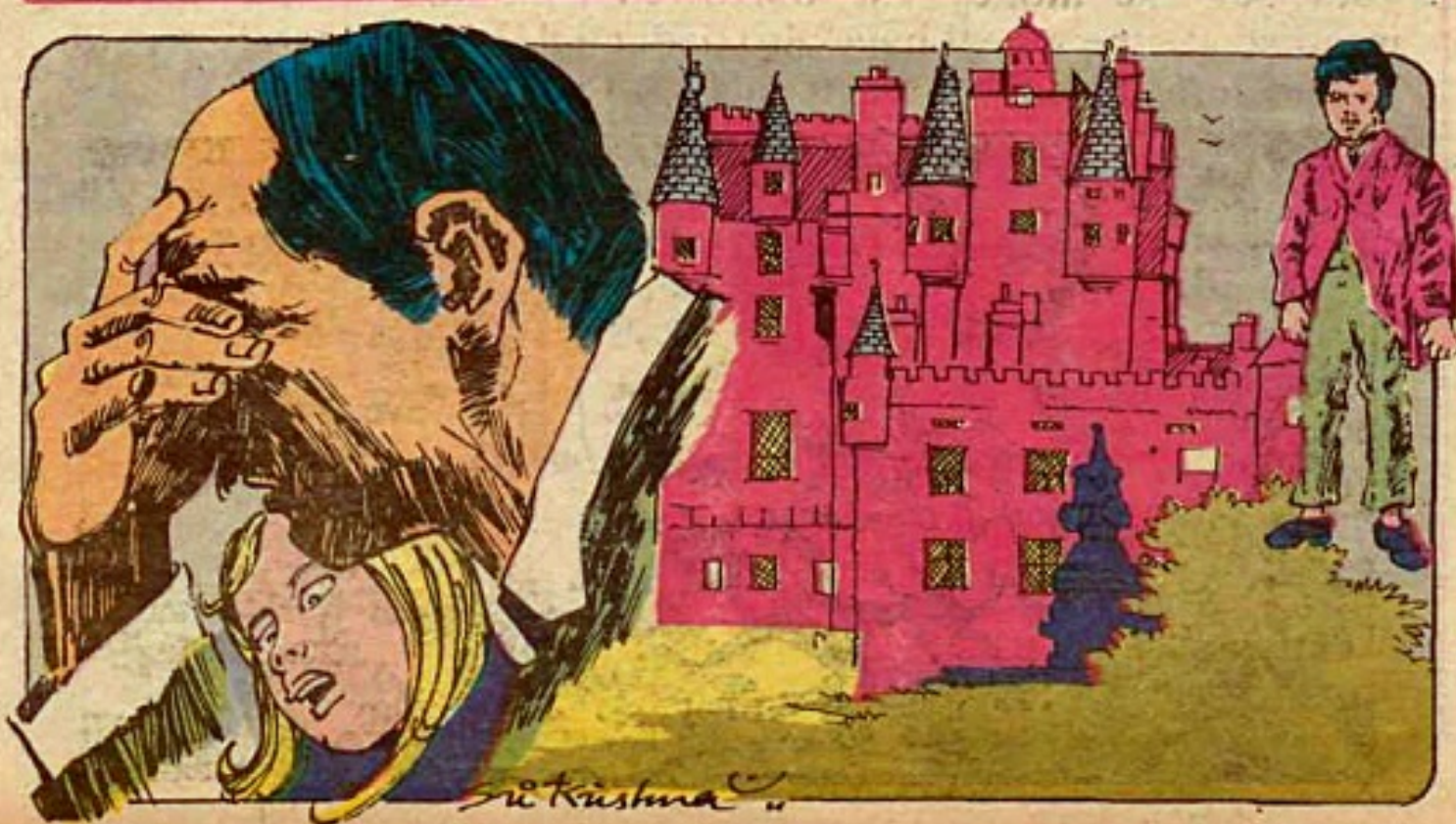
We presume that the dweller is no more. But who was he? Some believe that a grotesque child had once been born to an earl. A mere look at him would

chill one's blood. But he was the rightful inheritor of the castle.

His parents had interned him in that room. He lived long. This must have happened early in the 19th century.

The room without a door of course was there before that. Sir Walter Scott, the great writer of Scotland who spent a night in the castle way back in 1793, speaks about it.

Scott could hardly sleep at night. "I must own that when I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself as too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead," he wrote.



The Loan Realised

Govind borrowed a sum of two hundred rupees from Narahari. He promised to pay back the amount in two months. But he pretended to have forgotten all about it. Six months passed. Narahari learnt from others that Govind was in the habit of not returning loans.

One day Narahari heard that Govind was to go to the cattle market to buy a cow. Narahari also reached the market. Govind did not find any cow to his satisfaction.

When Govind began walking back to his village, Narahari accompanied him. Suddenly, at a lonely place, a bandit sprang out of a bush and said, "Keep whatever money you have on the ground and go away. You will regret if you don't act promptly."

Govind at once handed over his bag containing his money to Narahari and said, "My friend, here is more money than I had borrowed from you. Take this. I don't owe anything more to you."

Narahari accepted the bag and placed it on the ground. The bandit picked it up and disappeared into the bushes.

Next day Govind received a note from Narahari along with some money. It read: "Here is what remained after I took from your bag the money you borrowed from me as well as the interest. By the way, I have also deducted the remuneration paid to the man hired by me to act as the bandit."





Rules of Account

Shankar was a new resident of Sujanpur. But everybody knew him to be a good man.

One day he had two of his dear friends as guests. He went to buy a fowl from Vir Singh who owned a poultry.

"Choose a fowl and take it. Pay later," said Vir Singh quite affably. "Just put your signature here."

Shankar chose a fowl and said, "Thanks, but I am ready to pay now."

"I am not ready to receive the amount now. I am going out on an urgent business. What is the hurry in making the payment?" Vir Singh bared his teeth to sport a smile.

"As you please, brother, as you please," said Shankar. He then signed a receipt and left with the fowl.

Next week he visited the

poultry to make the payment, but Vir Singh was absent. Shankar remained busy for a month. Then he met Vir Singh again.

"I assure you, I'll not charge you unreasonably for the fowl. But just now I have no time for looking into the account. Come later," said Vir Singh, smiling.

"What is the need for looking into any account? Why not state the price of the fowl straightway and let me pay it up?" asked Shankar.

"Things are not that straight, my friend, there is a thing called account, after all!" said Vir Singh.

"Well then, tell me when you have seen the account. I will wait for word from you," said Shankar.

"That is better," agreed Vir Singh.

A year passed. "Your account

is ready," Vir Singh at last informed Shankar when they met at the market. Shankar followed Vir Singh to the poultry. Vir Singh brought out a scrap of paper and said, "You owe me five hundred rupees."

"What! Five hundred rupees for a fowl!" shouted Shankar.

"My friend, a year has passed since your taking the fowl. Had it been with me, it would have given birth to a number of chickens. They would have grown up and produced numerous eggs. I had to take into account their value, after all! I am quite reasonable," asserted Vir Singh.

"Reasonable? You are swindling me!" shouted Shankar.

"Don't be agitated. Account has its own rules. I cannot help it!" replied Vir Singh.

Shankar left for his home feeling sad and helpless.

"Hello Shankar, what makes you so pensive?" asked Ravi Das, the village merchant, who saw Shankar walking with his head hung.

Shankar told Ravi Das all about Vir Singh's account.

"Oh that swindler!" growled Ravi Das. "Come with me. I'll settle the account with him."

Both went to Vir Singh's farm. Vir Singh was quite cour-





teous to Ravi Das.

"Vir, I came to remind you about the rice you borrowed last year," said Ravi Das.

"I shall make the payment soon. Sorry for the delay. I brought one bag of rice."

"Right. The value has come to five hundred rupees."

"Five hundred rupees? How is that?" asked a surprised Vir Singh.

"Well, the one bag of rice would have produced a crop over a full acre of land. I have to take into consideration the value of the yield! Don't you know that account has its rules?"

"But I took rice—not paddy! And that I consumed a year ago!" shouted Vir Singh.

"Right, Vir, right. We are living at a strange time when a fowl cooked before a year could have produced chicks and eggs worth five hundred rupees. That is why rice consumed before a year could also produce a lush crop!" said Ravi Das philosophically.

Vir Singh kept quiet.

"Pay him five rupees," Ravi Das directed Shankar. Vir Singh received the money without any murmur and returned the receipt to Shankar.

Ravi Das and Shankar left the place.

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STORY OF INDIA-82

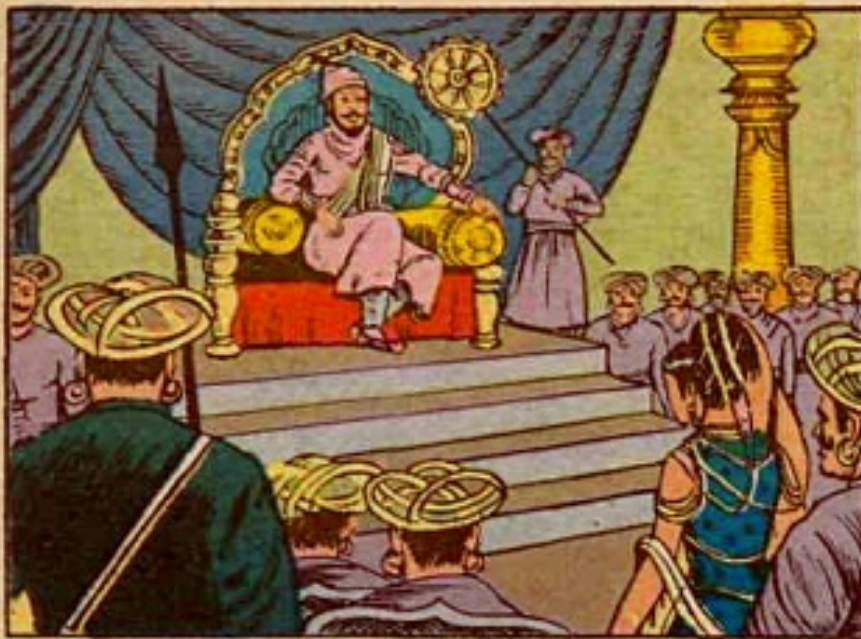
THE MUGHALS VERSUS THE MARATHAS

The marathas celebrated their great leader Shivaji's escape from the Mughal clutch with jubilation. He was crowned the King of the Marathas in 1674 and was called the *Chhatrapati*—indicating that he was the sovereign.

Frequent battles were fought between the Mughal army and the Marathas. Shivaji inspired his followers with his exemplary courage and character. Among his faithful lieutenants was Baji Prabhu who died fighting the enemies alone at the mouth of a pass to let his master reach a safe place.



Shivaji always observed a strict code of conduct in dealing with his fallen foes. Although he was a champion of the Hindu faith, he showed great respect for the other religions. The moment a copy of the Koran fell into his hand, he invited the nearest Muslim to his camp and respectfully made a gift of the book to him.



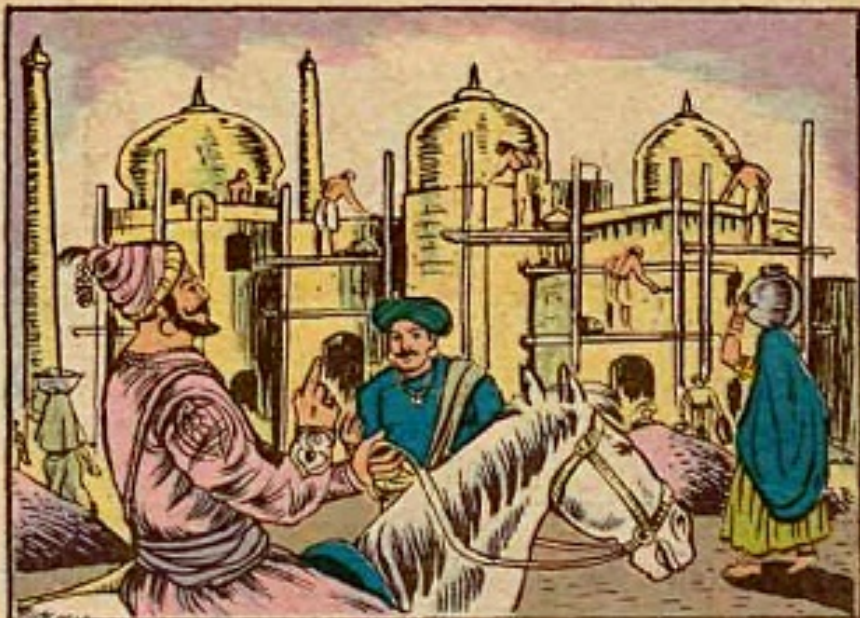
Once the ruler of Kalyan, Mulan Ahmed, was defeated by Shivaji's general Abaji Sondev who made a gift of Ahmed's charming daughter to Shivaji. Shivaji said, "Had my mother been as beautiful as this girl, I would have been a little handsome!" He then sent the captive princess to her parents with gifts saying that they were from a father for his daughter!

Shivaji was so much fond of listening to religious discourses that once he went to a temple to hear Tukaram. A spy informed his enemies. They raided the meeting. Suddenly as if Shivaji was seen running away. They pursued him, but in vain. The meeting continued. At the end the real Shivaji returned home safe. Who was it that created the illusion of being Shivaji? Nobody knows.



Shivaji was extremely eager to spend his time with Sage Ramdas. But the sage knew that the hero had a different mission to accomplish. He evaded Shivaji. Once Shivaji heard Ramdas asking for alms before a house. Shivaji came rushing out of another house and dropped a document into Ramdas's begging bowl. It was his will, donating his entire kingdom to the sage.

Ramdas ordered Shivaji to continue the work of building up a just and pious kingdom. Shivaji went on with his work. He helped not only the Hindu temples, but also the Muslim mosques. His fight was against Aurangzeb's fanaticism, not against any religion.



But death struck this great hero, a brilliant organiser and a noble leader early, when he was only 53, in the year 1680. His death was a great blow not only to the Marathas, but to all who suffered Aurangzeb's tyranny. Millions mourned the irreparable loss.

Shivaji was succeeded to the throne by his son Shambhuji who held back the large Mughal army for nine years, even after Aurangzeb himself came to Deccan to crush the Marathas. Numerous battles were fought under Shambhuji's leadership and the Marathas remained strong and united.





Unfortunately Shambhuji was treacherously captured while he was asleep, in 1689. He ridiculed Aurangzeb even when a prisoner, knowing full well the consequence. Aurangzeb tortured and put to a gruesome death this young king of the Marathas who remained defiant to the end.

Murder of Shambhuji made the Marathas only more determined to fight the Mughals. They adopted guerilla tactics and harassed the Mughals whenever possible. Aurangzeb tried his utmost to put an end to the Maratha power, but the result was, his own strength began to wane.



Shivaji's second son Raja Ram provided leadership to the Marathas, first from the fort of Jingsi and then from Satara till his death in 1700. After him his widow Tarabai took up the cause and proved highly efficient and intelligent as a leader. Aurangzeb found no peace.

The Mischievous Monkey

In the forests of eastern Bhutan there lived a monkey which was a constant source of trouble to the poor farmers. 'Tamasive', which in Bhutanese means 'naughty', was the name they gave him.

Tamasive was always up to tricks. He would run off with the basket containing the farmers' food, scatter the seeds that were waiting to be sown and pinch the babies while their mothers were busy in the fields. There was no end to the mis-

chief he made.

One afternoon, at the beginning of summer, while Tamasive was foraging around for something to eat, he came across an old man and an old woman who were working in a small field. Tamasive watched them from a distance, then after a while he drew close and ventured to ask, "Pray, what are you two doing?"

"That's a silly question," answered the old man. "Can't you see we are planting *kewa*





ngam?"

Kewa ngam is the Bhutanese name for sweet potato. People outside Bhutan have probably never heard of this name. But Tamasive was a Bhutanese monkey, and *Kewa ngam* happened to be one of his favourite delicacies.

"That is not the way to plant those things," Tamasive suddenly observed.

"What do you know about planting?" the old man, surprised at the monkey's remark, asked.

Unfortunately the old couple had never heard of Tamasive and his tricks. If they had, they

would have been a little more wary of him.

"I know a lot," replied Tamasive. "There is a farmer in southern Bhutan who has a special way of planting, and he always has the best crop in the district."

The old man was impressed. "Well, will you please tell me how it is done?"

"Cook each piece of potato and then peel it and wrap it in fresh green leaves and then put it in the ground."

The old man explained to his wife what Tamasive had just said.

"Nonsense," reacted the old woman, "who has ever heard of anything being cooked before it is planted? This monkey is up to some trick!"

"The trouble with you," grumbled the old man, "is that you never want to try anything new. Here is this farmer in southern Bhutan who has become rich by doing what I've just told you, and you don't listen to me!" He kept on chattering until the old woman relented.

"All right," she said, "I am prepared to try anything once. You go and collect some fresh

green leaves while I cook these."

So the old woman lit a fire in one corner of the field and put some water to boil in a pot. By the time the old man returned with the leaves the sweet potatoes had been cooked.

Meanwhile the monkey sat watching with satisfaction while his instructions were being carried out. Nobody noticed that he licked his lips.

"Now," he told the old man when the sweet potatoes were ready and were cooling under a tree, "Peel them and let the good woman wrap each one separately in those green

leaves."

When all the sweet potatoes had been peeled and wrapped, and lay ready to be planted, Tamasive began directing the old couple further. "Not too deep in the ground," he warned, "or they will rot. Another thing you must remember is to mark each spot where the potatoes have been planted with a small piece of stick. In this way you will have no difficulty in finding where they are when your crop has sprouted."

"This monkey seems to know what he is talking about, don't you agree?" asked the old man.

"Time alone will tell," replied



his wife sceptically.

The old man grunted and went about his work planting the sweet potatoes according to the monkey's instructions. His wife plodded along behind him, wedging a small piece of stick to mark each spot. When they had covered about half the field the old woman happened to turn round and discovered that the monkey who had been following them, was enjoying a tasty meal. Most of the sweet potatoes they had planted had been dug up and eaten and the sticks and leaves lay scattered all over the field.

"Look at that monkey," she

screamed at her husband, "he has eaten all the potatoes we have planted."

The old man was furious. He chased Tamasive but the monkey was too quick for him. He ran to the nearest tree, which happened to be a guava tree, and there he sat, eating a juicy ripe guava while he watched the old couple. The old woman waved her hand and shouted angrily, glaring up at him. The old man began to climb the tree. The higher Tamasive went the higher the old man climbed, until finally, when Tamasive was almost on the top-most branch, the old man managed to



catch hold of his leg and began to pull him down.

Tamasive began to cry, he knew the old man would not spare him once he had him on the ground.

"Let me go," he begged. "I promise not to give you any more trouble. If you let me go I will work for you."

"You cannot rely on the word of a monkey," grumbled the old woman. "He has caused us enough loss as it is."

But the old man thought it was a good idea to put the mischievous monkey to work. They needed someone to keep an eye on the grain that was

lying in the loft, the mice were forever attacking it. So they locked Tamasive in the loft with the grain, and they were back to planting their sweet potatoes in their old way. A few days later the old woman said, "I wonder what tricks that monkey is up to now. Old man, you had better go and see."

The old man climbed reluctantly into the loft. He was astonished to find a grotesquely fat monkey sitting amongst what was left of the grain. "All our grain! You've eaten all our grain!" the old man shouted. "What will we eat this winter?"

He picked up a sack and





pushed the monkey, unceremoniously, head first, into it.

"Wife," he cried, as he carried the sack into the field where she was working, "I have that wicked monkey here in a sack. He has finished all our grain, so I've decided to kill him."

"A good idea," agreed his wife, "He must be fat after eating all that grain. So we'll cook him and sell his flesh to those who eat monkey flesh."

"We'll do that. Go and fetch the axe and sickle. We'll take him down to the spring where we can wash him after we have killed him!"

By this time Tamasive was really frightened. He began to struggle and shout until the old man put the sack on the ground and asked him what was wrong.

"If you want to kill me, old man, you will have to take me down to a place where there is plenty of water, so that you can clean me up properly!"

"What place would you suggest?" asked the old man.

"Down by the river," came the reply.

The river was quite a distance from their field. Nevertheless, the old man with the monkey inside the sack slung over his back, followed by the old woman, went along towards the river. It was a warm day, so the couple were tired by the time they reached the river. The old man threw the sack on the riverbank and lay down beside it while the old woman went to the river to drink some water.

No sooner was the old woman's back turned than Tamasive jumped out of the sack and began to run. The old man ran after him, but Tamasive was much too smart for the old man. When he was near enough the monkey picked up some sand from the bank of the

river and threw it in his eyes. Then he ran and darted swiftly up a tree.

Hearing the old man's cries, his wife came rushing back.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I can't see," he replied, "that monkey threw sand in my eyes. Where is he?"

"He has climbed that tree," she said, pointing to the tree where the monkey sat. The old man groped his way towards the tree, and as he began to climb it, the old woman took the sack and held it open near the foot of the tree.

"Throw that monkey down," shouted his wife, "this time I will see he does not escape."

But when Tamasive saw the old man climbing the tree, he shook the tree and jumped to

the ground and ran into the forest. The old man, half-blinded by the sand in his eyes, tumbled from the tree and fell into the sack.

The old woman whose eyesight was hardly better quickly tied the mouth of the sack with a bit of rope, then taking a thick stick she began to beat upon it.

"Help!" shouted the voice from the sack. "This is your husband and not the monkey!"

"You may not be the monkey," she retorted, "but you are most certainly responsible for all the trouble!" Of course she stopped beating!

No one really knows what happened to Tamasive. He was never seen again in eastern Bhutan. Perhaps he had grown too fat to do any more mischief.

Kusum Kapur.





LET US KNOW

What is an Oasis?

—Suryabhanu Paul, Jamshedpur.

"An area in the midst of a desert, which is made fertile by the presence of water. It sometimes consists merely of a clump of palm-trees, sometimes it is a fertile region several hundred square miles in area. In the smaller type the water usually consists of a small isolated spring; alternatively it may be a spot where a stream flows down from a mountain canyon to form an *Alluvial Fan*. The larger oases, such as those formed by the Nile and the Euphrates, may support a huge agricultural population. In the oases of the hot deserts, the typical tree is the date-palm, the fruit of which forms the main food supply."



In a general-knowledge book named "The Handy Encyclopedia of Useful Information" published in New York I read that Tuegla in Natal, South Africa, is the highest waterfall in the world. My teacher said that it was not correct though he could not remember which waterfull is the highest. Can you inform us?

—Lily, Udaipur.

The *Angel Falls* in Venezuela is the highest waterfall in the world, with a total drop of 3,212 feet. *Tuegla's* drop measures to 3,110 feet.

The *Angel Falls* was discovered in 1935. The book you refer to might have been compiled before that.

NEWS-FLASH

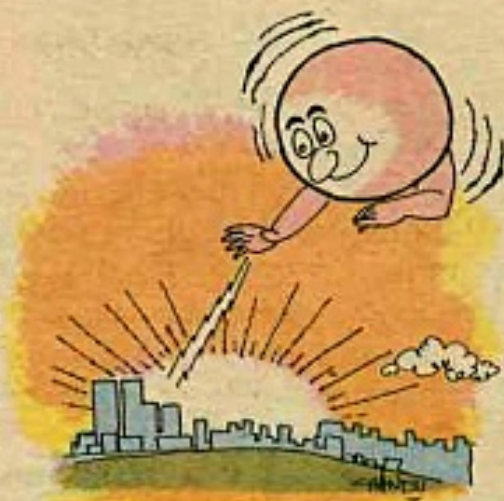


The Ship that Obeys the Order
Kinokawa Maru, a Japanese ship, is the first vessel to act automatically when the captain tells it, "Full speed ahead!"

This is the world's first ship to be equipped with a speech-controlled motor. There is no engineer in the engine room to execute the captain's order, but a computer.

More Blessings from the Sun

"One morning in 1988, 15,000 giant mirrors will begin focussing sunlight on a tank of salt in the California desert. The purpose? To generate enough electricity for 50,000 homes," informs the *Science Digest*. The device is being prepared in the laboratory called Solar One, the world's largest solar power station.



The World's Largest Wreath

The world's largest wreath, made of 10 thousand flowers, was presented to Chinmoy, the popular Indian Yogi of Jamaica, U.S.A., to celebrate his completing 10 thousand poems. (Chinmoy was a student of Sri Aurobindo Ashram School at Pondicherry.)

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. K. Rao



M. Natarajan

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for August '83 goes to:—

Mr. John Davidar, Katary Estate,
Katary P.O, Nilgiris—643 213.

The Winning Entry:—'A Helpful Gesture'—'A Priceless Treasure'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

"The simplest schoolboy is now familiar with truths for which Archimedes would have sacrificed his life." —Ernest Renan.

"Science is always simple and always profound. It is only the half-truths that are dangerous." —George Bernard Shaw.

"I don't believe in the generation gap. I believe in regeneration gaps. Each day you regenerate, or else you're not living."

—Duke Ellington.



**I bought
this cycle with
pocket money
that I saved with
UCOBANK.**

No more borrowing my
friend's cycle.

I had to buy one myself.

I started saving.

And my dad said if I wanted
to 'grow' my money, I should
keep it with UCOBANK.

They pay you something for
saving with them.

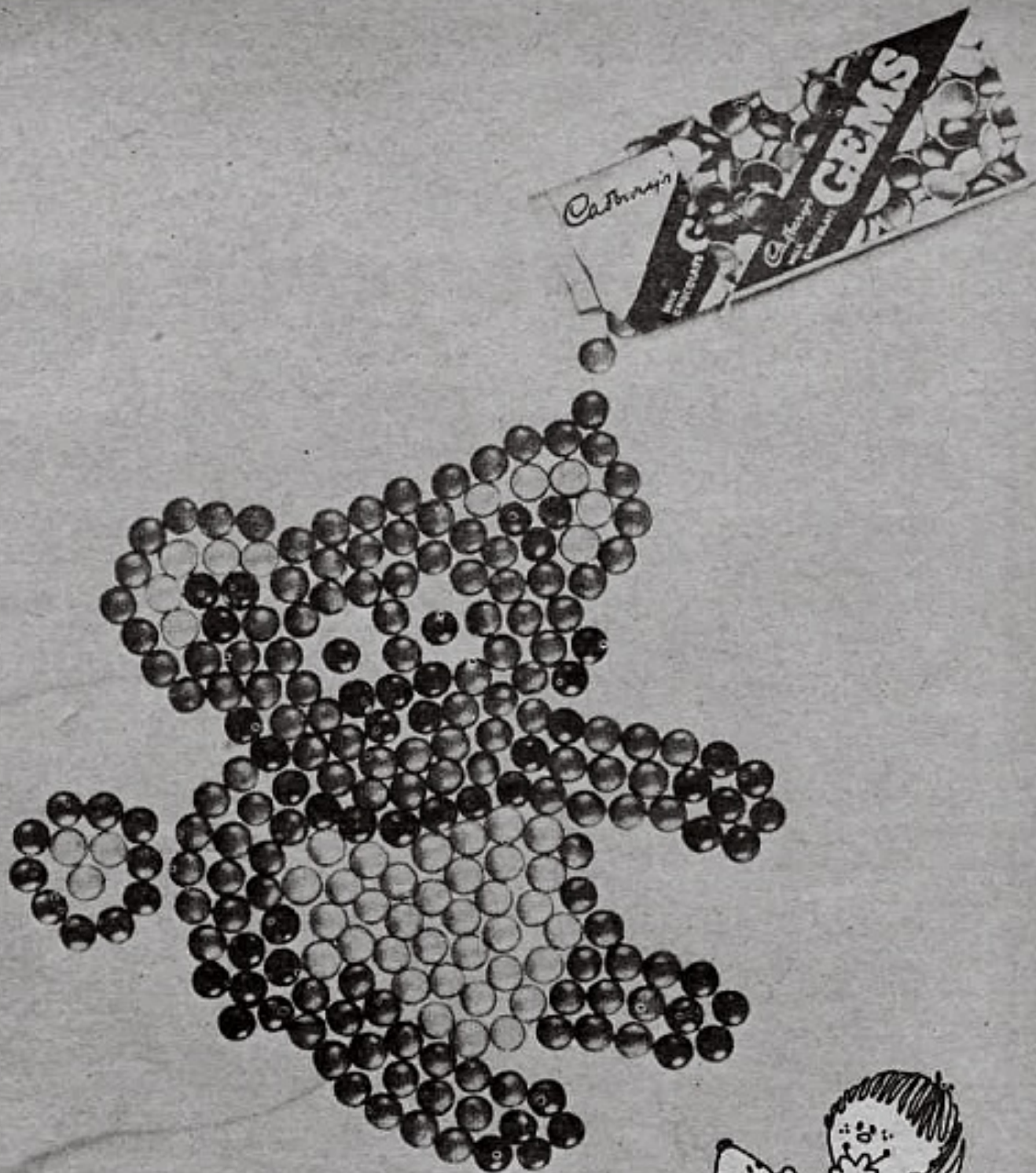
It's called 'INTEREST'!

That's why, you save faster
with UCOBANK than you
do at home.

And look! Today I'm riding
my own cycle.

 **United
Commercial Bank**
the friendly bank
round the corner

UCO/CAS-108/82



I have a little bear, his name is Teddy
I take him everywhere, cause he's so cuddly.
When Teddy is good, I give him a treat
And Teddy gives me Gems, isn't that sweet?

Got a moment? Get a Gem!



Cadbury's
Chocolates

Anything's possible with Cadbury's Gems

Fun-footwear for growing feet!



Bubble gummers

Bubblegummers are fun-time footwear—specially designed with strong arch supports and washable, colour-fast uppers.

Just the kind of protective playtime shoes you've always wanted for your children.



Design 07

Design 05

Design 08

Design 43



Bata

understands shoes

Available at leading **Bata** & **BSC** stores

React-B-4/83

Ram & Shyam

The lucky number 50



ONLY POPPINS HAS SILVER STRIPES, SO THE IMITATORS CAN'T FOOL YOU.

